

It was a warm lovely summer day. I was coming home from school and my mom was making cookies, and all I was thinking was " can't wait to taste those cookies." I was crossing the street when a humungous black truck as big as a monster truck almost ran me over. I ran across the street like a pack of wolfs were after me and stopped looked around and was grateful to walk the earth, and after my heart stopped beating out of my chest, I was thinking " oh man "I just almost got ran over like a squirrel hitting a moving train" I ran home like lighting to tell my mom. When I got home I threw my book bag on the table and said " mom I just almost got hit by a car." "Oh my gosh are you ok Evan?" she said worriedly. "Yea I am fine" I said. Then she gave me a plate full of cookies. The cookies were right out of the oven. They were warm soft and the chocolate was still melted. I eat the cookies like the Cookie Monster